

MURIEL WILSON, THE NOTED BEAUTY, HERE.

GIANT CRACKERS THROWN AT A BRIDE

Showers of Rice and Old Shoes No Longer Fashionable.

A WEDDING INNOVATION. HE WILL MAKE TESTS.

Grand Pyrotechnic Show in Honor of Mr. and Mrs. Miller.

New Brunswick has set a new fashion in matrimonial celebrations. A truck load of fireworks now forms part of the procession of the wedding party to the railroad station. Instead of arming themselves with old shoes and bags of rice, the guests take along rockets and firecrackers and pelt the bridegroom with them.

Miss Clara Ross, daughter of William Ross, was married to C. Herbert Miller on Wednesday night at her parents' home in New Brunswick. Thirty of her friends chartered a furniture wagon and loaded it down with firecrackers and accompanied them to the depot.

The red fire and the rockets made a magnificent display to the great discomfiture of Mr. and Mrs. Miller, who had not been told of the new wedding custom. There was a loud peeling of tin horns, too, and a chorus of cheers and laughter that brought hundreds of citizens to the scene.

Attached to the pyrotechnic wagon were two horses belonging to the Liberty Hose Company which are trained to go to fires automatically. While all the pumps were in progress a fire alarm sounded, and fearing that the horses would hear the bells and stampede, the serenaders covered their ears with their coats.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller waited in their carriage until the train drew up. Then they made a sudden rush for it. They were surrounded by the way with all sorts of giant crackers, bombs and Roman candles, and they found their clothes covered with powder and gunpowder grime instead of rice.

After the departure the serenaders drove through the town and burned the rest of the red fire and blew a large percentage of the available atmosphere of New Brunswick through the tin horns.

Wilson and her friends are to stay here for six weeks.

Marvellous Escape of a Child.
Julia Baxter, a little three-year-old girl, whose parents live at No. 147 Leonard street, Williamsburg, while crossing the street, was caught in the spokes of a buggy wheel and whirled around a number of times. Strange as it may seem, the child, when rescued, had not even received a scratch.

"Fake" Reporter in Prison.
Fred B. Montgomery, the sham reporter who succeeded in getting money from confessions for the suppression of alleged candy poisoning stories, was arraigned before Magistrate Mott in the Tombs Police Court yesterday and held in \$200 bail.

"A BRIEF FOR FRANCE."
A New Poem by EDWIN MARKHAM.
The author of "The Man with the Hoe," in the Editorial Section of Next Sunday's Journal.

Last Sunday the Journal gained 1,885 "want" ads. over same Sunday last year. Results make big growth.

Get the only true portrait of Admiral Dewey. Reproduced from a special photograph taken at a special sitting given by the Sunday Journal. Dewey's portrait will be framed in an artistic gilt frame and printed on heavy paper. To be given away with the Sunday Journal. Dewey's portrait of September 24 in five colors. A splendid window decoration. As good as an oil painting and twice as effective. Largest portrait ever printed by a newspaper.

Pittsburg, Sept. 21.—At a joint session of the committee of the American

MARCONI TO WIRELESS FOR U.S. NAVY.

The Inventor of Wireless Telegraphy Engaged by the Government.

HE WILL MAKE TESTS.

Comes to Explain the Workings of His System on Land and Sea.

Signor Guglielmo Marconi, who has demonstrated the practicability of telegraphing within limited distances without the aid of wires, was a passenger on the Cunard Line steamship *Aurania*, which arrived yesterday.

He is here to demonstrate the system of wireless telegraphy for the Government and to attend the international races.

While he has experimented successfully from points as remote as eighty miles, he will not undertake, he thought yesterday, to attempt a direct communication with the city from the sea.

"I could easily do so," he said yesterday. "If I got full possession of the atmosphere, I could do so now. But I do not think it is in order to do so. I would first have to attain an elevation at the dispatching station higher than the tallest buildings. This would be impracticable at sea, unless balloons were brought into service. I do not think it will be necessary to employ these agencies in order to demonstrate that wireless telegraphy is a practicable system."

Signor Marconi, despite his Italian name, is the typical Londoner in manner, attire and speech. He speaks with a decided English accent.

He is a young man, whose youthful appearance is belied by a high complexion, a slim figure and slight mustache. He is modest and retiring.

"Wireless telegraphy," he said, "is yet to be discovered, and many obstacles to be overcome before the system may be said to be perfected.

"For instance, a means must be discovered whereby a series of instruments may be operated, each sending and receiving messages independent of the other and in the same atmosphere.

"The experiments which I have made with wireless telegraphy," continued Signor Marconi, "have afforded me much satisfaction, and more than pleased over the results attained.

"During the British naval manoeuvres I was afforded an opportunity to emphasize the success of the system of telegraphing without wires could be employed. Then I succeeded in telegraphing a distance of eighty miles, sending and receiving messages during the experiment.

"This is the longest distance over which the system has been successfully operated. After the international races I shall conduct experiments for the United States Government. These may take place on the Government vessels at sea, using one of the United States Signal Corps. One of the vessels provided with the necessary instruments may communicate at sea with the same successful results which have been attained in transmissions from point to point on land or from sea to land.

"Elevation is absolutely necessary in conducting wireless telegraphy experiments. Kites or balloons may be employed with equal facility in obtaining the requisite altitude.

The outlook for wireless telegraphy is bright and the system is being constantly perfected. Already we have several stations in England where experiments are going on day and night."

Signor Marconi said that he will do some installation work for the Army and Navy signalling departments.

He said a tug will follow the yacht in the big races, and on this tug will be set the instruments which will signal every change of the contest to instruments on shore.

At the pier yesterday Marconi was met by Captain George Owen Spiller and Captain George Owen Spiller, both of the United States Signal Corps. They will make the arrangements for the experiments which Marconi will conduct for the Government.

W. C. T. U. Praise for Secretary Long.
At the twelfth annual convention of the Hudson County Women's Christian Temperance Union yesterday, at Jersey City, Mrs. W. F. Story, the president, called attention to the campaign against the army rum. Mrs. Story said that Secretary Long, of the Navy, was a man among men for abolishing the use of liquor among the soldiers.

Flint Glass Manufacturers' Association and glass bulb workers here to-day the workers were granted a 5 per cent advance in wages. The settlement was a compromise the workers demanding an increase of 10 per cent.

SENATOR HANNA'S REPLY TO M'LEAN.
Says Reference to the Shrinkage in Values is Simply Ridiculous.

Cleveland, Sept. 21.—Senator M. A. Hanna was shown a copy of the dispatch from Cincinnati to-day giving an interview with John R. McLean in reference to trusts and the heavy shrinkage in stocks in Wall street.

"So far as Republicans are concerned," said Mr. Hanna, "they are the beneficiaries of trusts or combines to no greater extent than is Mr. McLean and his Democratic friends."

"Mr. McLean's statement in reference to the heavy shrinkage in stock values during the past few days is simply ridiculous. The intrinsic value, or the earning power of the properties themselves, has in no wise been changed by the slump in stocks. Neither have the wages of the wage earners been affected."

Mr. Hanna declared that he had never mentioned the steel industry specifically as having been benefited more than any other industry under the present Administration, but included in his statement all classes of trade.

SCHWAB KILLED BY HIS HORSE.

His Mount Shies and a Low Branch Catches the Victim.

HEAD STRIKES A TREE.

Stranger but Fatal Accident Occurs in Van Courtlandt Park.

Benjamin W. Schwab, junior member of the firm of Oelrichs & Co., and youngest son of the late Gustav Schwab, was thrown from his horse in Van Courtlandt Park while taking a before-breakfast ride yesterday morning and almost instantly killed. In some way Mr. Schwab's horse got beyond his control and brought his rider against a tree with such violence as to break the young man's neck and dismount him instantly. Mr. Schwab was unconscious when found a few minutes later. His horse was caught by a boy half a mile away. No one saw the accident, which seems to have been a most remarkable one.

The policeman on post noticed Mr. Schwab as he rode over the railroad tracks on to the Park drive about 7 o'clock in the morning. He thought little of it at the time, for it had been Mr. Schwab's custom for the past four or more years to take early morning rides in the Park when the weather permitted. Mr. Schwab lived on Morris Heights, only three miles away. He was very fond of Van Courtlandt Park and of exercising his horse on the parade ground.

Less than half an hour after Mr. Schwab was seen to enter the Park a laborer James Burns, who was working on the lawn on the south side of the Manor House, had a narrow escape from being knocked down by a vicious horse that he was riding. Going around the house Burns saw the body of a man lying under the tree about seventy-five feet to the east of the Manor House.

Body Found Under the Tree.
This tree is remarkable for the fact that from a single trunk, which grows only a couple of feet above the level of the ground, there spring six apparently separate tree trunks. One of these trunks, at least a foot in diameter, bordered the Manor House and makes its angle when not more than seven feet above the ground. It is this trunk Burns found Mr. Schwab. He had a great on under his chin, his coat was torn at the left shoulder, and his whole left side was terribly bruised.

Burns was quite frightened at what he saw and ran to Policeman Harvey. He carried the unconscious man to the porch of the Manor House. Then they took him to the Fordham Hospital. The surgeon said that Mr. Schwab was dead; that his collar bone was smashed and his neck probably broken, and that he had never been conscious since he was hurt.

The body was taken to the Fordham Morgue. Coroners Corcoran and Lynch, of the Bronx, quickly gave a permit to have it removed to the dead man's home.

Mr. Schwab for years had a regular way of going out of the Park. He would leave this big linden tree on his right and come out the main road. He would not go more than thirty feet away. He had evidently been over the parade ground, and when he turned back he had been struck by the horse's hoofs in its sudden start.

Had No Chance to Escape.
There was no time for Mr. Schwab to so much as duck his head, for the horse struck its own left temple on this overhanging trunk and also on the skin just over the rear saddle joint, making quite severe wounds in both places.

The horse Mr. Schwab rode is a light bay of medium size and very excitable. It has a great deal of shyness. Notwithstanding that Mr. Schwab was a very good horseman, having been a member of the Great Eastern Hunt Club, he was not the first to ride the animal but was the last man he finally brought to his death.

The late Benjamin W. Schwab lived with his mother and three unmarried sisters at Morris Heights. He was thirty-two years old. Within the past year he had been taken into the firm of Oelrichs & Co., and his future was very bright. He was engaged to be married to Miss Dana, of New Haven, Conn., the only daughter of the late Professor John H. Dana, of Yale, and the sister of Professor Edward Dana, of Yale. He was graduated with honors from Yale University in the class of 1888.

He was a member in this city of the Century, St. Nicholas, City, Reform and Mosholt Golf clubs. The Mosholt Golf Club, the links of which Mr. Schwab helped to lay out, are in the enclosure in which the Produce and Maritime exchanges. He had travelled extensively in Europe, South America and Australia, and was a recognized authority in the wool business.

His surviving brothers are Gustav H. Schwab, who is now in Europe; Professor John Christopher Schwab, Ph. D., of Yale; the Rev. Laurence Henry Schwab, of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Intercession at Washington Heights; and Carl Albert Schwab and Louis Emil Schwab, of Sharon, Conn.

The funeral services will be held in St. James's Church, Fordham, at 2:30 o'clock Saturday.

ABOUT YOUR EYES.
Will man be able to see without eyes, like the earthworm? Strange experiments are going on to test this. See next Sunday's Journal.

CHOKED TO DEATH BY A PIECE OF ROAST BEEF.
Louis L. King, a Paralytic Patient in the New York Hospital, is Asphyxiated While Trying to Eat.

Louis L. King, a patient in the Newark City Hospital, was choked to death yesterday while partaking of some roast beef. King, who was sixty-eight years old, and a paralytic, had put a small piece of beef in his mouth, but when he attempted to swallow it it stuck in his throat.

A nurse, noticing King's predicament, called the house physician, Dr. McCoy, who tried to extricate the piece of meat with his fingers, but could not, and his two fingers were badly lacerated by King's teeth.

In a few moments King fell back dead.

KOELLER'S MURDERER ADMITS HIS GUILT.
A Plea of Not Guilty Entered by Hundenhausen, His Alleged Accomplice.

Chicago, Sept. 21.—Richard Honeck, who recently murdered Walter Koeller, to-day pleaded guilty.

"Do you know you can be hanged on your plea?" asked the judge, perplexed at the want of fear shown by the prisoner.

"I am guilty," replied Honeck, "I am guilty."

Herman Hundenhausen, implicated with Honeck, entered a plea of not guilty.

WILL GO TO CHURCH TO CELEBRATE RETIREMENT.
Police Sergeant Buckbee Hasn't Been There in Twenty Years, Except to Funerals.

Sergeant William Buckbee, of the Third Precinct, who is the senior sergeant of the Jersey City Police Department, retires on October 1.

"I think I shall celebrate my relief from duty by going to church, as I haven't been there, except at funerals, since I became a policeman, over twenty years ago," said the sergeant yesterday.

CROSS INDICATES THE TRUNK OF TREE WHERE SCHWAB WAS STRUCK

1. The tree where Mr. Schwab was killed. 2. Where the body was found. 3. Where the horse was caught. The dotted line shows the course taken by the horse. The animal shied and the rider's head struck against a low branch of a large linden tree at the roadside in Van Courtlandt Park.

BAD WATER SCARE ON THE WEST SIDE
Doctors Say Illness Up-town Has Increased Alarmingly.

The foulness of Croton water is once more disturbing the residents of the upper West Side of the city. Doctors say malaria and typhoid fever are increasing, and that the water is becoming more dangerous every day.

Dr. Warren C. Chapin, of No. 52 West One Hundred and Fourth street, says that typhoid and malarial fever in the district between Seventy-second and One Hundred and Tenth streets, West, have increased 75 per cent within the past few months. Dr. John Moorehead, of No. 54 West One Hundred and Fourth street, says the same thing.

There has also been, say these physicians, a great increase recently of intestinal diseases in that district. Croton water, they think, is responsible for it all, and they have warned their patients to drink only mineral water or filtered water carefully boiled.

Dr. Chapin said last night in regard to the condition of this water is horrible. It is full of vegetable matter, and evidently is largely permeated with stagnant water. The pipes and abutments are in pressing need of cleansing.

Typhoid, malaria and intestinal troubles are increasing at an alarming rate. It is a serious matter, and I have strongly advised all my patients to stop drinking this foul water.

Dr. Chapin said this condition had continued for three months. The first month the city made some show of cleaning things up, but then no attempt had been made to rectify matters.

Dr. Moorehead attributes to Croton water the unusually large amount of sickness of late upon West Side residents. He says the condition is alarming.

Kennedy
12 CORTLANDT ST.
Two Bargains in Fall Underwear.
Heavy Balbriggan, Fancy color, 49c.
Natural Wool, 98c.
The value is at least a third more.

FALL GLOVES.
Grey Mocha, 98c. pair; worth \$1.25.
Madras Shirts, 79c.; worth \$1.00.

Established 1823.
WILSON WHISKEY.
That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore, Md.

THAT SOUR SPOT IN DIGESTIVE ORGANS.
TOUCHED BY JOHNSON'S DIGESTIVE TABLETS

Uncle Sam Will Put a Coat of It on All in New York.
A HIT IN OTHER TOWNS.
The Boxes Look Like Derelict Ghosts and May Frighten Many.

The Post Office Department has issued an order that the letter boxes and package boxes be covered with luminous paint so that citizens who want to find them at night may do so without trouble.

The paint, which will contain a great deal of phosphorus, will give a kind of moonlight effect. By day it will be a bronze brown, highly artistic. Postmaster Van Cott thinks, and likely to invite the sea.

It has been tried, this luminous paint, in several cities and has worked well. At first citizens were alarmed, mistaking the letter boxes for derelict ghosts, but this feeling wore off, and the innovation is now very popular.

The man who is sent out at midnight to mail a letter written by his wife inviting her mother to come and live with them for the rest of her life has no trouble in locating the place he is after.

In the room of the general superintendent in the Post Office yesterday when had a sample of the luminous paint. When the superintendent pulled down the blinds to create an artificial darkness the paint blazed out like a damp phosphorus glow.

An employee in the office told the story of the adoption of the paint. Fifteen years ago a drummer for a paint firm struck a contract with the Post Office Department, knowing that if the authorities used it he could sell it to ketchup manufacturers and to the owners of saloons. He grew aged and gray at the work and died in an old man's home.

Fifty years ago a movement was started in London to paint the letter boxes, which were then black, a staring red. Organizations were formed with that as their platform, but they did not win out. Then one night a First Lord of the Admiralty, who was returning from a Mansion House dinner, bumped his nose against a letter box and swore. Next day London was full of emergency men going around with red paint pots, changing the letter boxes to a tint that was visible in the dark.

The story has no particular bearing upon the luminous paint proposition, except that it suggests the idea that possibly some friend of Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith may have bumped against a red letter box while enacting from the sea and Toast Club in Philadelphia and have used his influence with Mr. Smith to make the boxes more visible.

LUMINOUS PAINT ON LETTER BOXES.

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